

Free Beer Press

..... JUNE 25 "NOTES FROM THE ANARCHY FARM"

1983 to



The trouser trout were out tonight. As many as 500 people turned out to see 3 matches- 3 rounds a piece by amateur female jello wrestlers & 1 match featuring men. A portable jello pit was erected on the dance floor. It looked like a swimming pool & was filled with raspberry jello, much to the delight of the food connoisseurs in the audience.

The first match was the stand-out main event. Carmen (brunette) & Murphy (blonds) showed true beauty &, ah, grace as they went the distance with the split decision going to Murph. Actually, Carmen totally knocked this ringside reporter out & she should have used her wide hip advantage for victory.

The next 2 female matches were not as interesting as the contestants were not in as good a shape.

The girls all liked to see the men grovel in the red stuff. By the time the last bell rang I had jello splattered all over myself. A good time was had by all.

Lets go fishing.

Anyway, after all that fuel-injected nudity you'd think it'd be pretty tough to even notice the band. Well it was and we almost didn't. I mean, it's hard to notice anything when yer cripplin around with a steering column in yer pants. But Bad Oscar rose (hee hee) to the challenge and (yes) CAME THROUGH! Sure, they're top-forty, and slow, and haven't learned a new song in years, but hey, they're GOOD. AND THEY BEAT THE HELL OUTTA BRUCE (UP-YER-CRANK) CARR! No kidding! I mean, we're talkin seasoned vets here: Jim Horn on gutter-snipe guitar, Jeff (caffeine free) Triplet on drums, hell they even got Scott DeShawn on bass and this cat looks more like Bob Seger than old Mr. 'Night Moves' ever did. And of course theres the inimitable Kevin Gard on keyboards, vocals, and whatever else he can get his sleazy little hands on. This guy deserves honorable mention not only cuz he does a great John Lennon, and not cuz he played keyboards on Scooter & the Worms 'Strap-On Chili Dog' EP, but mostly cuz HE GETS MORE PUSSY THEN ANYONE IN THE WORLD. Hey, I'm serious! If this dudes wiener were any busier he'd be like the aforementioned Mr. Lennon, dead. I mean, their immaculate-conception sound and killer version of Alice Cooper's 'Eighteen' are not to be believed. But to hell with this weasel-doo, just go and see 'em next time they're awake. They're great and terrible, and they're bigger than Jesus Christ. Cross my heart.



Romans party at The Black Ram.



yes,
there
really is a
kalamazoo

THINGS TO SAY & DO IN KALAMAZOO

Some folks sit around & watch the corn grow. I get my vegetables to go. Heres some suggestions for those who are lost or new in town.

1. Go to the Green Top bar on Mich. Ave. & take advantage of the daily all-you-can-eat specials for \$2.50.
2. Walk down the street about a block to Coney Island for the best chilly dogs you ever sucked on.
3. Play miniature golf.
4. Go to the drive-in theater.
5. Go to Meljer's Thrifty Acres & look at people buy stuff.
6. Men: See women dancers at Big Dad's or Black Ram.
7. Women: See male dancers Thursday night at Black Ram.
8. Men: Go to Black Ram on Thursday night and scam on all the girls.
9. All others: Go to the Zoo.
10. Eat at the Goodie Shoppe on Portage St. for great burgers & malts.
11. Go to the bakery & smell the fresh bread.
12. Go to Gilkey Lake Tavern for country music. YE HA!
13. See band you like & heckle them.
14. See bands you can't stand & heckle them.
15. Start a band & see you'r friends heckle you.
16. Ride the bus to Portage & pretend your a tourist.
17. Call WDR & ask them if their refrigerator is running. (Tell em to catch it).
18. Read the personals in the GAZETTE.
19. Feed the pigeons in Bronson Park.
20. Open a White Castle franchise & get rich.

JUNE 5, THE BLACKSPOT, LIVE SEX

HOLY TERROR, from Grand Rapids, was a pleasant surprise. The singer had the stage demeanor of Johnny Carson (on a good night). Fun song about a disco up his butt. Nother song called Contra-Diction. Think about it. The guitar player made a lot of mistakes but it didn't matter cause he smiled through them & had a great sound. This bass player knows the bottom line & he stays on it. An accomplishment in this age of bass players who really wish they were guitar players. And you can tell that the drummer doesn't want to play any kind of guitar cause he plays drums real well. Hope to see these guys terrorize again soon.

OLE!

RICKY & THE BALLS serviced the audience with a short, enthusiastic set of their greatest hits. Jenny Ball has a monopoly on minimalist drumming. Less can be more & she looks cool doin it. Is that a new song about Jesus with a bonner- or just wishfull thinking? These cats do it all- very entertaining group.

Singer, Kenny, of VIOLENT APATHY showed up looking totally lost. Wearing a long-tailed tuxedo he took to the stage muttering something about a wedding reception. Dick Bowser (not to be confused with Dick the Bruiser of Big Time wrestling fame) threw a tantrum & threatened to quit the band if he didn't snap out of it. No matter- they plugged in and turned out another fine performance. The song "Society Rules" is a stand out slash & burn. Their set ended when Bowser poured lighter fluid on .



THE FANG: MAN BITES DOG

BLUE SPOTS

his guitar & torched it. He grinned & skate boarded out through a floor littered with injured dancers.

FANG, from Berkely, Cal., was typically untypical of California bands. The singer was sporting a rhino haircut that had the girls all a-titter. (Where is that confounded barber?) Their metallic thrash sound had everyone mesmerised. The bass player suggesting ending it unless people started dancing. The fans threw down & we all lived happily ever after.



Seriously Speaking
Dr. Dead Serious

Hi, gang! Got some more locals here. I don't know why I bother, really. I mean, most of the stuff comin from this area STINKS. Most of its either newwave/reggae (the new music for airports) or the old reliable XEROX PUNK (which is, unfortunately, the new music for pindicks). Creativity musta been barred from this stinky little neck of the woods, or maybe, as my friend Fatso says, we really are the dead. Fatso's completely insane and uses LSD for diet pills, so he outta know. Tasha, get the shovel!

THE LATIN DOGS: Okay, first things first: the cover has a barking dog on it. Get it, the Latin DOGS? I bet it took all 4 of em to think that one up. Whew! Reminds me of my Northern Huskies sweatshirt and I hated that too. The back cover shows the band really GETTIN DOWN. Funk clothes and punk pose, the singer looking just a little too tubby. And his name is Rank Confusion. Well, I'll buy the rank part.

Surprisingly enough the sound is really good (it was recorded on a 4 track, whatever that is), especially the guitar. Too bad he couldn't play a lead to save his life. The drums and bass are so faceless (again??) that in the end it all comes down to the singer, and boy is THAT a mistake. I mean, his voice is so thin & wimpy that he couldn't sing his way thru a wet-knap, let alone be demonic or frightening (like he wants so badly to be). And the lyrics, which I bet he wrote, are the usual (am I getting redundant?) pissed-off politics and ass-wipe anger. I mean, these guys don't wanna be fun, they wanna be SOCIALLY SIGNIFICANT! Shit, at one their recent gigs they shouted to the audience 'We're vets and we're piss!' Well I say fine, but what the hell does being a veterinarian have to do with rocknroll? Hey, like if little Pluffo swallows a guitar-pick sideways I'll let ya know, guys. (and while we're on the subject: Have you fellas had yer shots?)

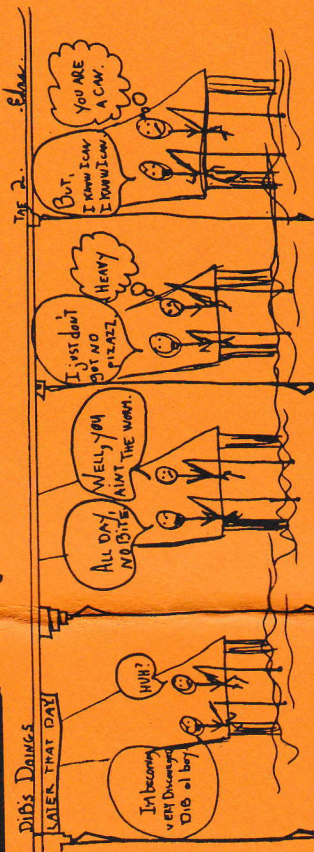
MEATMEN: CRIPPLED CHILDREN SUCK EP: Besides being my favorite fag band I love these guys cuz they write the kinda songs I wish I could write. 'Orgy of 1', 'I Sin For a Living', and Mr. Tapeworm are songs we all wrote back in 5th grade, but it took Tesco to come out of the closet (literally) and actually record them. Good boy! Of course Tesco's kind of a legend round these parts, if only cuz his asshole is so stretched out of shape. Hell, he even mentions other locals like Necros, Apathy, and Negative Approach. (But where's Hombre?) The sound as usual, is excellent, dirty, distorted, words totally indecipherable: the perfect Meatmen sound. The band is great (love those drums) and Testie, er, Tesco sings like he's just been told that Barry Hensler would go out with him after all. This record is a classic so buy it. Support intellectual rock.

oozing like some obscene butterfly death. Its called, 'See Her In the Sun', its the first song, and its a very novel way to kick off an LP. And what an LP it is! I mean, IDR is gonna love this baby. Its smooth, lightweight, and TOTALLY inoffensive. But what the hell is it? A limp Doobies? Well, close. Steely Dan snoring? Yer getting warmer. Wait, I know! The plaintive wail of a thousand baby chipmunks squealing for mummies nippies! Yeah, thats it. I mean, calling this band wimpy is like calling Dick Bowser a little chubby. Of course, ol' Uncle Bryce (Kazoo's Phil Spector?) has to take a fair share of the credit, cuz the sound is horrible. Everything, 'specially the geetar, is flat and muffled. No highs, no treble. Sounds like a buncha damn tinkler-toys! And this Mike Rook dude (whose voice is WAY UP FRONT) really gets on my tits. One minute he's Huey Lewis ('I Wanna Be with You'), then the Shoes ('Two Pools'), then Bob fucking Geldof (Don't). Hell, on 'Experiment that Failed' he even dishes out some OPERATIC squealings! And the band follows suit: Genesis, King Crimson, Suicide; you name it, they water it down and spew it all over you like warm buckets of bunny pee. These cats are either very confused, very schizophrenic, or just plain show-offs. Take yer pick. And THEN take the lyrics (please): I don't remember much except 'I'm radioactive for your love' and 'Industrial Waste, I've seen it!' What, and no photos? Jesus, what lame jism! Like I said, all those gutless eunuchs at 'IDR are gonna swallow this poo poo whole. Pick to click: 'Rocknrolls Okay.' Not because it has anything to do with rocknroll (it doesn't) but cuz it contains the classic line 'Disco is where its at for ME!' Oh yeah? Then why are they playing this newwave wog muzak? I mean, if Laurance Welk ever starts recruiting 'rock' bands then the Spots will definately be his first signing. They've already got the goddamn make-up! And our secret sources tell me that most of the cool guitar parts were NOT played by Mr. Rook as the sleeve professes, but by the big Bryce himself! Shit, 'Don't' sounds like Tin Pan Alley underwear music. Gives me visions of Al Jolson gagging on greasepaint. 'I Always Miss'

- is okay, but what are those fartdog sounds,
- a catholic blowjob? 'Experiment that Failed'
- is just that. Did you hear about the punk rocker who thought asphalt was a rectal problem? 'Life In the City' is especially putrid.
- These guys wouldn't know a city if a skyscraper fell on their collective heads. But the capper of course (at least on the Dr. D stinko scale) simply has to be 'Industrial Waste.'
- (Bet you can't guess what its about) This little slut fumbles and stumbles around like Jethro Tull on quaaludes. Or is that Gary Numan? The music(?) flips (crash) and flops (thunk) while Mikey monotones sage words of gamel, doom, and the correct way to dispose of camel butts. Strictly DIRGEVILLE. Hey, beastiality fans are gonna LOVE this shit. And I have no doubt that it'll go gold, at least in Ann Arbor and Ohio where fish music rules.
- But seriously, this shit is neutered skunks.
- Its someone you can't stand stinking up yer bathroom. Its the heartbreak of siriass. Am I flogging a dead band? Well, too bad, cuz theres more: the thing that bugs me most about this ear-slaughter is that even though these guys are younger than me (and who isn't?) They still sound like OLD HIPPIES. Very delicate, very tasteful, very controlled. Makes me wanna take a bath. (Burp) Okay, so I'm gonna, but before I go just let me say that I like 'This Girl Is Mine' and Mr. Bubble brand bubble bath. Now get outta here

FREE BEER TOP TEN

1. MISFITS. For all the usual reasons, & then some.
2. MICHAEL JACKSON. If you can't dance to this get a rocking chair.
3. BAD BRAINS - "Pay To Cum". Good stuff to wake up to.
4. THE SUPREMES - "Greatest Hits." Permanent Top Ten faves.
5. THE T-SNAKES - "You'r So Chi Chi" (played at 45 rpm). I love this band. I'm on my second copy of the rec. O.K.?
6. MEATMEN. The dictators. Get it all.
7. LATIN DOGS - "Go To The Window". Fuck Dr. D. Its a masterpiece. Best on beer.
8. SMOKEY ROBINSON - "Touch The Sky". Wow! Another year, another gem. Still the best music for giving (or relieving) head. Gulp.Gulp.
9. HYPNOTICS - "Indoor Fiends". Very hip band. Hyper power... fast stuff.
10. JANE FONDA - "S-Exercise Album". For the cover. Good stuff to listen to while eating.
11. FLIPPER - "Get Away". If you can stand this single get all their stuff. Slow thrash.



FREE BEER BOYS & GIRLS

The overwhelming majority of mail received concerning last issue dealt with our true identity. Indeed, a valid point. No cloak & dagger out-of-modesty(ho) or confusion(hum). Fact is, I didn't want my Mom to know what I'm doing with her typewriter... (Look for hand-written poop next ish.)

A sample of the correspondence:

"Who the hell do you think you are!?"

No name given.

"If my nuts are in a cookie jar then you guys got yours in a vice cause your to afraid to let anybody know who you are."

K. Knott.

"My major question to you however is who are you? You seem to have forgotten to sign your names to any of your work. Hmmm?"

from A. Bennett, Kazoo. Well, anyone as co-editor & chief proof-reader I can reveal myself as S. Bennett. (No kiddin. Couz, check the family tree.)

My co-conspirator & chief muck-racker refuses to expose himself other than Dr. D. Serious or Muscles McDuff. Maybe he's concerned about his health...

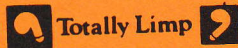
Serious reders will note the type diff & use as a personality guide.

Keep those cards & letters coming! We got lots of neat comments. If you keep sending stuff I can do a Best Of & excerpt choice lines & offer advice or comment.

FREE BEER PRESS
P.O. Box 412
Oshtemo, MI.
49009



Let My Puppets Come



WHAT IS REGGAE? VOL. 2
THE SLACKERS:
NOW I WANNA BE A NEGRO

O.K., I went on a fact finding mission to see this group perform live. I'm a very well balanced person & I'm tellin' you the truth. 1-2-3- GO!

These guys are a bunch of phonies. Psychology majors pretending to make sociologically significant dance music. You're getting very sleepy- it could be the sound track to a nocturnal emission. But its not. Its just plain boring. All this stuff sounds the same. The word "dreadlock" is featured prominently in at least 3 songs. This leads up to the incredibly stupid "I Wish I Had Dreadlocks", a phrase that is repeated enough to try the patience of a zombie. Dreadlocks could be arranged, Babe, but that's a whole separate disaster.

The bands sleep drive sound is fronted by an outstandingly vapid keyboard that refuses to show any emotion. I won't even comment on the guitars. The drummer is truly good & would be hot somewhere else. Jump ship, Killer.

I mean this stuff is pretentious. Can you imagine a bunch of Muslims starting a Polka band? Roots my ass. I might feel better next issue... future What Is Reggae? columns are questionable. Can I really help such culturally screwed up people? We'll see. Blow me Jah.

TRAFFIC TIP



Domino's drivers and other crazed motorheads get you down? Your street turning into a drag strip? Take a tip from one who knows. Buy as many bags of concrete mix as it takes to run a line of 'em end to end across your street. Line 'em up and slit 'em down the middle. Now hose 'em down. Instant speed bump. Do it at night so the 'crete has time to set.

Next months tip: Blowing off
Tailgaters

AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT:

They call me Action. Dick Action. They used to call me L.R. Ramone. I used to be a girl, but I was kinda big and the only guys I went for were faggots. So I moved to the land of the New Liberals a.k.a. Boulder, and had a dick sewed on. I guess the surgeon (or was he a vet) fucked up because its kind of two-tone and the scars never healed--kinda like a frank-en-stein minus the bolts.

Anyway I've pushed old "Pinto" up quite a few anal canals, and had lots of dry, chapped lips scraped up and down on my rod. Shit, I'll bet I've done it more than those damn proctologist do with their damn proctoscopes, for sure. Most of the guys say its "fuck-in' horrible looking" but they sure chomp at the bit to get some Pinto steel action.

Yeah, yeah--its a wierd scene-- I got a nine inch carbon steel rod, surrounded with the lining of a virgin lamb's stomach, sheathed in a protective tricot mesh, all enclosed by human skin. Skin grafted from my back and that of a drunk-negro from a car wreck on I-25.

So here's a warning to all you Kalamazoo homos--look out, cos here I come. I get off on persecuting those less fortunate than myself, and I don't need no AIDS disease, so all you fashionable window designers and hair dressers had better keep your eyes and sphincter's open.

THE SWOLLEN MEMBERS: BIGGER THAN EVER

The SWOLLEN MEMBERS stopped over recently to fill me in on their plans for a Tour Of America & ended up spilling Cool-Aid on my kitchen floor & cat. Since last writing they have lost their bass player (in the Vine-Locust St. area) & have revamped as a trio. Phlem Barker, the singer, insisted that the new bass-less sound is far superior, "One less fuck-up to fuck-up", as he put it. "We all turn up a little & if we need more beef I just tap my finger on the microphone for extra effect." Well, frankly, I was skeptical... until they played a recent basement tape for me.

Awsome? Killer? Cool? Yep- this stuff is radical. I begged them for some more lyrics to print in the paper. They whipped out this flame-thrower!

OPERATION ON MY DICK

Make it long
Make it thick
Operation on my dick
Got a new weener from a
Catalog

8 9 10 12
Silicone erection
Stick it to the girls N
Make em smile

Penile implant
Penile implant
Penile implant
Make em sigh

Penile implant
Penile implant
Penile implant
Little man wanna be a
Big guy

Obviously no need to worry about art or politics corrupting these intellectuals. They assured me that they will be gigging locally in preparation for their large arena cross-county tour. More info latter. Look out Kazoo! These guys are loaded & ready to go!

AUTO MAINTAINANCE

by Disc Brake

Yesterday was my day off. I bribed myself out of bed with a Vivarin and a cold Strohs. I had every intention of working on my car -- change the oil, rotate the tires, wash it, something -- but I scheduled it for later in the day. I had some other things to deal with in the morning: I had to look at some mail I hadn't opened yet, plus I had to relax a while (it was my day off). When my pal Chris called and suggested we shoot some pool I couldn't see any harm in taking the time for a couple of games. Anyway, the point is, I never managed to get any work done on my car.

My car really needs attention: I must have been working when half the body was eaten by rust, I don't know where I was when my gas-cap eloped with my dip-stick -- speaking of which, I don't think I've ever changed the oil.

My car is going to die any day. It's completely my fault. I'm guilty of car neglect. I drive it, but I don't maintain it. I am physically and emotionally dependent on my Oldsmobile, but I'm allowing it to decay.

I'll probably kill myself the day my car dies. The last car I murdered (another Olds) haunted me for years. Sometimes I still feel the guilt. This is a serious problem, and I know I'm not the only afflictee. I know some of you can relate. Are you listening out there? Don't do as I do; do as I intend to do. Work on your car.

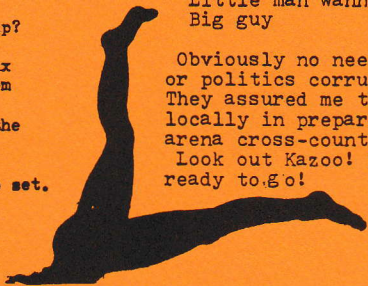
MUSIC NOTES FROM THE (s)MALL CITY

...Wasn't that Mike Hard I spotted in Wash. D.C. shopping for a new band?... MADE IN HEAVEN DEPT: Scooty & Tina T-Snakesighted at Mr. Presidents laughing & dancing. Look for a June wedding... Informal sources tell us thatfor their upcoming gig at Whistle Stop, The Slackers made the management sign an agreement guaranteeing at least 2 bouncers in the room at all times, screening "undesirables at the door, & NO PHOTOGRAPHS ALLOWED! No rock stars need apply... HOT FLASH! Gundo (The Stun Man) buys new guitar! Its black & gold & even plays in stereo! He promises to get better & not go out of tune ever again....

SCOOTER & THE WORMS, JUNE 11 Back on the sidewalk

The Worms went on just after dark and when you look like these guys thats a good idea. It was their 1st gig in 3 months (4 months for Scooter. He was in detox) and they were their usual horny selves: sloppy but hot. The guitar in particular was exceptionally cool and had good sex with new member Renaldo Aukinberg's bass. The singer (who didn't wear his dress) was a little stiff but Scoot's beautiful orange drums made up for it. New songs 'Employ Me' (shades of early Stoo-ges) and 'Searching Sister's

ENLARGEMENT
GUARANTEED!
YOU WILL GAIN 2 TO 3 INCHES WITHIN 48
HOURS... AND WE WILL GUARANTEE IT!



BLUE SPOTS

his guitar & torched it. He grinned & skate boarded out through a floor littered with injured dancers.

FANG, from Berkely, Cal., was typically untypical of California bands. The singer was sporting a rhino haircut that had the girls all a-titter. (Where is that confounded barber?) Their metallic thrash sound had everyone mesmerised. The bass player suggesting ending it unless people started dancing. The fans threw down & we all lived happily ever after.



Seriously Speaking
Dr. Dead Serious

Hi, gang! Got some more locals here. I don't know why I bother, really. I mean, most of the stuff comin from this area STINKS. Most of its either newwave/reggae (the new music for airports) or the old reliable XEROX PUNK (which is, unfortunately, the new music for pindicks). Creativity musta been barred from this stinky little neck of the woods, or maybe, as my friend Fatso says, we really are the dead. Fatsos completely insane and uses LSD for diet pills, so he outta know. Tasha, get the shovel!

THE LATIN DOGS: Okay, first things first: the cover has a barking dog on it. Get it, the Latin DOGS? I bet it took all 4 of em to think that one up. Whew! Reminds me of my Northern Huskies sweatshirt and I hated that too. The back cover shows the band really GETTIN DOWN. Punk clothes and punk pose, the singer looking just a little too tubby. And his name is Rank Confusion. Well, I'll buy the rank part.

Surprisingly enough the sound is really good (it was recorded on a 4 track, whatever that is), especially the guitar. Too bad he couldn't play a lead to save his life. The drums and bass are so faceless (again??) that in the end it all comes down to the singer, and boy is THAT a mistake. I mean, his voice is so thin & wimpy that he couldn't sing his way thru a wet-knap, let alone be demonic or frightening (like he wants so badly to be). And the lyrics, which I bet he wrote, are the usual (am I getting redundant?) pissed-off politics and ass-wipe anger. I mean, these guys don't wanna be fun, they wanna be SOCIALLY SIGNIFICANT! Shit, at one their recent gigs they shouted to the audience 'We're vets and we're piss!' Well I say fine, but what the hell does being a veterinarian have to do with rocknroll? Hey, like if little Fluffo swallows a guitar-pick sideways I'll let ya know, guys. (and while we're on the subject: Have you fellas had yer shots?)

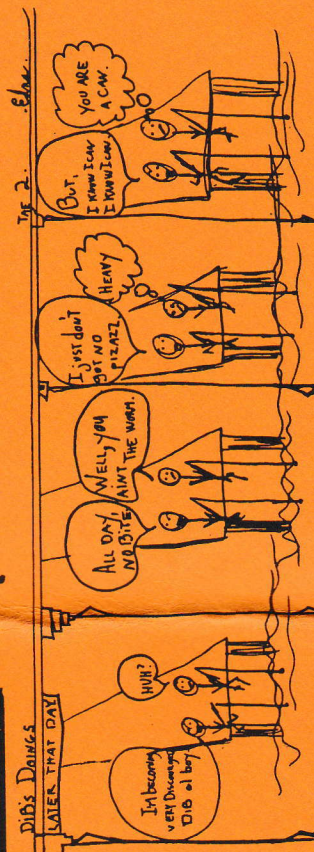
MEATMEN: CRIPPLED CHILDREN SUCK EP: Besides being my favorite fag band I love these guys cuz they write the kinda songs I wish I could write. 'Orgy of 1', 'I Sin For a Living', and Mr. Tapeworm are songs we all wrote back in 5th grade, but it took Tesco to come out of the closet (literally) and actually record them. Good boy! Of course Tesco's kind of a legend round these parts, if only cuz his asshole is so stretched out of shape. Hell, he even mentions other locals like Necros, Apathy, and Negative Approach. (But where's Hombre?) The sound as usual, is excellent: dirty, distorted, words totally indecipherable: the perfect Meatmen sound. The band is great (love those drums) and Testie, er, Tesco sings like he's just been told that Barry Hensler would go out with him after all. This record is a classic so buy it. Support intellectual rock.

oozing like some obscene butterfly death. Its called, 'See Her In the Sun', its the first song, and its a very novel way to kick off an LP. And what an LP it is! I mean, IDR is gonna love this baby. Its smooth, light-weight, and TOTALLY inoffensive. But what the hell is it? A limp Doobies? Well, close. Steely Dan snoring? Yer getting warmer. Wait, I know! The plaintive wail of a thousand baby chipmunks squealing for mummies nippies! Yeah, thats it. I mean, calling this band wimpy is like calling Dick Bowser a little chubby. Of course, ol' Uncle Bryce (Kazoo's Phil Spector?) has to take a fair share of the credit, cuz the sound is horrible. Everything, 'specially the geetar, is flat and muffled. No highs, no treble. Sounds like a buncha damn tinkler-toys! And this Mike Rook dude (whose voice is WAY UP FRONT) really gets on my tits. One minute he's Huey Lewis ('I Wanna Be with You'), then the Shoes ('Two Pools'), then Bob fucking Geldof (Don't). Hell, on 'Experiment that Failed' he even dishes out some OPERATIC squealings! And the band follows suit: Genesis, King Crimson, Suicide; you name it, they water it down and spew it all over you like warm buckets of bunny pee. These cats are either very confused, very schizophrenic, or just plain show-offs. Take yer pick. And THEN take the lyrics (please): I don't remember much except 'I'm radioactive for your love' and 'Industrial Waste, I've seen it!' What, and no photos? Jesus, what lame jism! Like I said, all those gutless eunuchs at 'IDR are gonna swallow this poo poe whole. Pick to click: 'Rocknrolls Okay.' Not because it has anything to do with rocknroll (it doesn't) but cuz it contains the classic line 'Disco is where its at for ME!' Oh yeah? Then why are they playing this newwave wog muzak? I mean, if Laurance Welk ever starts recruiting 'rock' bands then the Spots will definately be his first signing. They've already got the goddamn make-up! And our secret sources tell me that most of the cool guitar parts were NOT played by Mr. Rook as the sleeve professes, but by the big Bryce himself! Shit, 'Don't' sounds like Tin Pan Alley underwear music. Gives me visions of Al Jolson gagging on greasepaint. 'I Always Miss'

is okay, but what are those fartdog sounds, a catholic blowjob? 'Experiment that Failed' is just that. Did you hear about the punk rocker who thought asphalt was a rectal problem? 'Life In the City' is especially putrid. These guys wouldn't know a city if a skyscraper fell on their collective heads. But the capper of course (at least on the Dr. D stinko scale) simply has to be 'Industrial Waste.' (Bet you can't guess what its about) This little slut fumbles and stumbles around like Jethro Tull on quaaludes. Or is that Gary Numan? The music(?) flips (crash) and flops (thunk) while Mikey monotones sage words of gloom, doom, and the correct way to dispose of camel butts. Strictly DIRGEVILLE. Hey, beastiality fans are gonna LOVE this shit. And I have no doubt that it'll go gold, at least in Ann Arbor and Ohio where fish music rules. But seriously, this shit is neutered skunks. Its someone you can't stand stinking up yer bathroom. Its the heartbreak of siriass. Am I flogging a dead band? Well, too bad, cuz theres more: the thing that bugs me most about this ear-slaughter is that even though these guys are younger than me (and who isn't?) They still sound like OLD HIPPIES. Very delicate, very tasteful, very controlled. Makes me wanna take a bath. (Burp) Okay, so I'm gonna, but before I go just let me say that I like 'This Girl Is Mine' and Mr. Bubble brand bubble bath. Now get outta here

FREE BEER TOP TEN

1. MISFITS. For all the usual reasons, & then some.
2. MICHAEL JACKSON. If you can't dance to this get a rocking chair.
3. BAD BRAINS - "Pay To Cum". Good stuff to wake up to.
4. THE SUPREMES - "Greatest Hits". Permanent Top Ten faves.
5. THE T-SNAKES - "You're So Chi Chi" (played at 45 rpm). I love this band. I'm on my second copy of the rec. O.K.?
6. MEATMEN. The dictators. Get it all.
7. LATIN DOGS - "Go To The Window". Fuck Dr. D. Its a masterpiece. Best on beer.
8. SMOKEY ROBINSON - "Touch The Sky". Wow! Another year, another gem. Still the best music for giving (or relieving) head. Gulp. Gulp.
9. HYPNOTICS - "Indoor Fiends". Very hip band. Hyper power... fast stuff.
10. JANE FONDA'S - "Exercise Album". For the cover. Good stuff to listen to while eating.
11. FLIPPER - "Get Away". If you can stand this single get all their stuff. Slow thrash.



FREE BEER BOYS & GIRLS

The overwhelming majority of mail received concerning last issue dealt with our true identity. Indeed, a valid point. No cloak & dagger out of modesty (ho) or confusion (hum). Fact is, I didn't want my Mom to know what I'm doing with her typewriter... (Look for hand-written poop next ish.)

A sample of the correspondence:

"Who the hell do you think you are!?"

No name given.

"If my nuts are in a cookie jar then you guys got yours in a vice cause your to afraid to let anybody know who you are."

K. Knott.

"My major question to you however is who are you? You seem to have forgotten to sign your names to any of your workd. Hmmmnn?"

from A. Bennett, Kazoo. Well, anyone as co-editor & chief proof-reader I can reveal myself as S. Bennett. (No kiddin. Couz, check the family tree.)

My co-conspirator & chief muck-racker refuses to expose himself other than Dr. D. Serious or Muscles McDuff. Maybe he's concerned about his health...

Serious reders will note the type diff & use as a personality guide.

Keep those cards & letters coming! We got lots of neat comments. If you keep sending stuff I can do a Best Of & excerpt ghoice lines & offer advice or comment.

FREE BEER PRESS
P.O. Box 412
Oshemo, MI.
49009